

The WARCRY



J. Bond
1915

Bringing Home the Christmas Tree

Xmas Number. D5

BETHLEHEM'S STAR STILL SHINES

By MRS. GENERAL BOOTH

THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL OF JOY must this year for all but some of the little children be shadowed with sorrow. For those too young to understand and realize the anguish and sorrow of this terrible war, their parents and friends will, I hope, arrange some happy hours. Christmas is usually a bright star in the outlook of the young, and the opportunities of enjoying the celebration as a child are none too many. From my heart I would say therefore to the little ones, 'A Merry Christmas, my darlings! I hope that you may be happy, and happier still because you have stretched out even your tiny hands to help some of those who are in darkness and sorrow at this time.'

For, alas! how large a part of the earth is clouded with sorrow. And yet, even so far as this happy festival is concerned, this is nothing new. Has not sorrow been associated with Christmas since the day when those bitter tears were drawn from the eyes of the mothers in Palestine? 'In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they are not.'

What a countless number of Rachels weeping for their lost ones are to be found in our midst at this time—throughout Great Britain and her colonies, in Belgium, France, Germany, Austria, Serbia, Turkey, Russia, and Japan! Yet in spite of the raging conflict, and in the midst of the bitter sorrow, the Star of Bethlehem does still shine for all! We cannot be reminded of the return of the Christmas Festival—of that greatest of all mysteries—that most wonderful of all miracles—that most far-reaching of all facts—when 'the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us'—when God came down to earth in the form of a tender babe on its mother's breast—without rejoicing in that manifestation which made it possible for us to know that God is Love. Even in the dark winter of 1915 we may join with the multitudes of the Heavenly Host in praising God for His great Gift, and pray while we praise.

The shade of sorrow resting upon so many peoples just now may by God's blessing serve to make more brilliant the brightness of the Star of Bethlehem. The messengers, that over land and sea have been speeding

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THE WAR CRY EDITORIAL COMMENT

ON MEN AND MATTERS CANADIAN

A GLIMPSE OF DAWN

Watchman, what of the night?
"The night is far spent and the day is at hand."

WE BELIEVE THIS TO BE TRUE of the long, bloody night of war. Yet at no time during the year that has passed has the gloom been more dense or widespread than now. Since we wrote of the war in our last Christmas Number, the world has seen such deeds of violence and bloodshed as were never reached on this old round earth before. The terror that fleth by night and the pestilence that watcheth at noon day were never so fearsome in form and destructive in power as in this twentieth century. The tortures of the blood-lustling Iroquois warriors were mild compared to terrors of poison gas, aerial bombs, bursting torpedoes, and the deeds done in accordance with a policy of frightfulness. Again, never at any period of the war has there been so many belligerent countries as now. Truly, it is a time of Egyptian darkness! But, hark! It is the darkness that cometh before the dawn—the night is far spent and the day is at hand. And surely the world is longing for the daybreak. The day-spring from on high has visited us, and if man had not been so blinded by this world, long ere this the spear would have been beaten into the ploughshare, and cannon would only be places in which birds would build their nests. However, up to the present, pride has ruled men's hearts; selfish ambitions have swayed their souls; they have neglected God, and, in consequence, the world, at the time of writing, is steeped in woe. But saith the Almighty, "Vengeance is mine: I will repay!" So sovereigns and people who willed this cataclysm of woe will have to drink the bitter cup of abasement to the dregs. And what then? Man will have learned the folly of war, and will exalt the Prince of Peace. So let us pursue the path of duty with an unflinching trust in the Fatherhood of God, and confidence that all will come right, cheerfully making such sacrifices for the bringing about of righteousness and peace as may be demanded, and looking to the time when the Son of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings.



COMMISSIONER AND MRS. SOWTON, CANADA WEST

AN INTERNATIONAL RELIGION

N AN INTERVIEW WITH THE General Mr. Harold Begbie

"William Booth—that mighty old man with the heart of a child—did what no Englishman had ever done before him, did the one thing no Englishman was supposed capable of doing; he established an international religion. Alone among all the religious organizations in Great Britain, The Salvation Army is international."
"The son of William Booth reigns in his stead, and finds just now his international religion buffeted by the winds of war. He of all religious leaders in this country is most concerned by the international character of the war. German Salvationists are shooting English Salvationists, and Russian Salvationists are shooting Austrian Salvationists. The General, of the Salvation Army, like the Pope in Rome, must keep his head. He keeps it, I think, very effectively."

That Salvationists can serve their respective countries and still love one another is abundantly shown, we think, by the remarkable cases given in the article, "Salvationists on the Battlefield," found in this number.

SALVATIONISTS AT THE FRONT

ACCORDING TO THE GENERAL'S STATEMENT to Mr. Harold Begbie in an interview, there are forty thousand Salvationists in the British Army—twenty thousand out-and-outers and twenty thousand adherents. This, to us, seems rather a conservative estimate. At one of our Toronto Corps, up to last September, seventeen Bandsmen, twenty Soldiers, and fifty-three adherents had enlisted. We enquired of other Corps in the Territory, and the proportion of Soldiers and adherents works out in the proportion of thirty Soldiers to fifty adherents. Salvationists take this war very seriously, and are none the less very cheerful in that account. The youngest company sergeant-major in the British Army is an Ottawa Bandsman—now in the trenches, if he is not in Glory. Several Salvationists have won Distinguished Conduct Medals, and one, at least, that we know of has won the Victoria Cross; whilst several others have received commissions. Some Salvationists are troubled in their souls at having to kill, and one of them

mentioned this difficulty to another Salvationist, who thus made answer: "Look here, what you've got to do is this: you've got to do your duty to God and King and country. If, in the course of doing that duty, you happen to kill your fellow-man, that is no affair of yours." The Salvationist's conception of duty in this war is shown by the words of a dying Salvationist: "Tell my wife," said he to a Salvation Army Officer, "that I died for King and country, but I died for her and the children, too." Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friend. That is the spirit in which Salvationists fight. This will be a sorrowful Christmas for many a wife and mother. Let us remember them in our prayers and comfort them by our ministrations of kindness.

RED CROSS MOTOR CARS

WE UNDERSTAND that the Maple Leaf Unit of five Motor Ambulances for service at the front, dedicated by the Commissioner at the recent Toronto Congress, and sent by him to The General, has arrived in England, and will be duly dispatched to Russia. These cars, as the other Salvation Army Units at the front, will be operated by Salvationists.

THE THIRD GENERATION

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING PAGES in our Christmas Number to Salvationists, at any rate—will be the page of portraits of the sons and daughters of General and Mrs. Bramwell Booth—"The Third Generation." The young people look what they undoubtedly are—Blood-and-Fire Salvationists. They reflect credit on their parentage and create confidence for the future. Their natural abilities and educational attainments qualify them for posts of great usefulness, and that they abundantly possess the spirit of The Army is made very clear in the delightful personal sketches of them found elsewhere in this issue. We heartily congratulate The General and Mrs. Booth on their splendid family, and pray that their highest hopes for them may be altogether realized. God bless all, and a happy Christmas to them, everyone!

AN EPOCHAL HAPPENING

THE PAST YEAR has been notable for an epoch-making development in connection with the administration of The Salvation Army in Canada. We refer to the separation of the Western Pro-

vinces from those East of Port Arthur. The separation took place last July, and Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton were, by The General, entrusted with the new Territory—Canada West, as the new Territory is officially designated. They have been well received, and in labours have been abundant, having visited nearly every part of their extensive Command. The Commissioner's last appointment was in India, and we have secured from him the promise of an interesting account of The Army's operations in the Indian Empire for our next Easter Number. One striking feature of this special issue will be the portraits of Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton similar in style to the handsome portraits of Commissioner and Mrs. Richards found in this issue.

NEW RECORDS

IT IS JUST A LITTLE OVER TWELVE MONTHS since Commissioner Richards took command of the Eastern portion of Canada, Newfoundland, and the Bermudas. During that time he has established new records. His first Self-Denial Effort resulted in an excess of nearly nine thousand dollars over any previous effort—a total of \$52,519, and the Fall Council, occupying a period of eight days, including five great meetings in the Master Hall, were a magnificent success. In connection with these Councils, the greatest gathering of Soldiers and Officers in Canada took place. During the first ten months of his year in Canada, the Commissioner travelled thirty-eight thousand miles, and conducted successful meetings attended by upwards of one hundred thousand persons, at which a thousand professed to find Salvation and the same number the blessing of Sanctification. During this same period the Commissioner inaugurated the Life-Saving Scouts—a picture of a Toronto Troop appears elsewhere—and the Girl Guards. These two Organizations are similar in aim: the main purposes being the

salvation of the body and the Salvation of the soul—the Salvation of others. They look very smart, have become very popular, and no doubt will accomplish much good among the young people.

XMAS, CHEER WANTED

WE SHOULD LIKE to direct the attention of our readers to the opening page of the Pictorial section. The tripod stated in the full-line of the picture, is a very familiar sight in Canadian cities at Christmas time, and we feel sure that by the great Canadian public it is a welcome sight to the hearts of passers-by who have not compassionate at this time for those who have not. It is estimated that throughout the world The Salvation Army assists over a million poor people to a substantial Christmas meal. And even here in Canada there are thousands who, if it were not for The Salvation Army, would go without Christmas fare on Christmas Day. We earnestly appeal to our readers to remember the poor at Christmas. Some touching stories of poverty have already reached our Officers, who are lurching themselves out to do all they can to relieve distress. Will you help them? Further particulars concerning Christmas Cheer and Winter Relief Work will be found on page Thirty-one of this issue.

STRIKING FIGURES

IT MAY BE OF INTEREST to our readers to know that throughout the world The Salvation Army has no fewer than 268 Shelters, Food Depots, and kindred institutions, which last year supplied nearly eight million beds and nearly fourteen million meals to the very poor. There are 196 Industrial Institutions, at which 95,685 men were supplied with temporary and permanent work during the year; while at our Labour Bureaux 95,119 situations were found during the same period.

A ZULU WARRIOR

ELSEWHERE WILL BE FOUND a striking picture of a scene in a Zulu village, together with some interesting missionary sketches. The Zulu figure in the picture, whose hand is gripped by the woman Officer is remarkable man. He is now an Adjutant, and at the recent International Congress in London (England), spoke in the Royal Albert Hall. And in our opinion few speakers have moved an audience as that Zulu Officer did that multitude of all nations, when he spoke of the time, once a white man on the plains informed him of the death of The Army's Founder.

"Now that The General is dead," said the predictor of evil, "your Army will soon be done and finished with, and you had better see about getting another congregation."

We looked at Mhamb's broad, honest face, glistening with perspiration; at those bronze limbs—models for the sculptor—adorned with the barbaric finery which delighted his ancestors, and could imagine the fine scorn and splendid assurance with which the native orator replied thus to the scolding white man: "It is not so! The Army will not be done and finished with! For I have been to England and I have seen the greatness of The Salvation Army. With these two eyes have I seen the son of The General! The Salvation Army will go on!" To the native mind, with its ideas of hereditary chieftainship, The Army stood in its jeopardy.

In passing, we may say that Adjutant Mhamb himself is an example of the effectiveness of Salvation Army principles and methods. Twenty-two years ago he, and another native, were converted under the shade of a mimosa tree in the heart of Zululand. They were the first native converts of Lieut. Colonel Smith, the present Secretary for the Native Work and the interpreter that evening. The Adjutant has become the head Officer of a band of a hundred square miles, and the second convert of a new band, and chief letter writer in his district.

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

ONE OF OUR ILLUSTRATIONS depicts a subject that is likely to strike a tender chord in many a heart this Christmas. It is that entitled "Somewhere in France." Many a young wife and mother in Canada at this Christmas-tide will remember with a sorrowful heart that last Christmas the Bandman-husband was at home by her side, but this Christmas he is subject to the hardships and dangers of the battlefield in the great war against war. Approximately two hundred and fifty Canadian Salvation Army Bandmen alone are serving their God, King, and country with the overseas forces. Let us stress, by age, age, or other disability, do not serve our country in this way, do what we can by means of tender hearts and cheerful countenances to bring cheer and consolation into the homes and lives of those who are bereft or saddened by the suffering and absence of loved ones. Let us remind them of Christ the Great Comforter, and also continue our prayers for absent comrades at the front. But not comrades of our own nationality only: let us remember that God has made of one blood all nations and races of men, and pray that French and German, Russian and Hun, may turn their dying eyes to the life-giving Cross.

OUR ARMY AND THE WAR

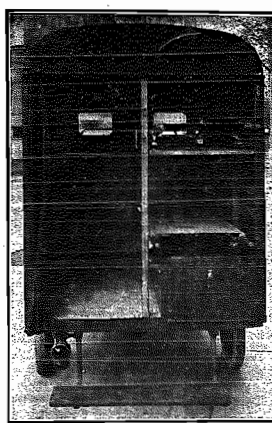
AT ONE OF THE SESSIONS of the Annual Congress meetings held in Toronto last October for the Province of Ontario, attended by five hundred Officers-Delegates, a message was received from The General to the Officers of Eastern Canada, which evoked much thrilling enthusiasm. From it we extract the following passages:—

"Your steadfast devotion to the principles of The Army, and your faith in God following upon the dark mystery of the St. Lawrence River, have both encouraged my own soul and raised my hopes on high for a glorious future. Join with me in thanking God for this, and also for the steady advance of The Army in the whole world. Since your last annual gatherings, the dark clouds of war have been a great low and heavy over many of the great nations of the earth. vast hosts of armed men are, as I write, struggling in deadly conflict; whole communities of innocent people are suffering the most appalling consequences of war; while over the still wider area of human life there spreads the spirit of hate which is the enemy of all that is good, able in the present and in the future, the foe of both God and man."

"Amidst all these grave and agonizing perils, it is no small thing to be able to report that our beloved Army, sustained by the devotion and enthusiasm of its own people and by the Hand of God upon it for good, goes forward. The year has been a year of advance—a year of increase—a year in spite of all, of Love and Faith and Victory."

"My Comrades, I feel that you may congratulate you on the relationship of love and confidence which has already discovered itself between you and your lately-appointed Leader, Commissioner Richards. It seems to me that in this I can see a sign of the approval of God upon my selection of a Successor to one whose memory will always be precious in Canada—dear Commissioner Rees. May the Living God confirm and establish you in each other's hearts, and graciously answer the prayers for others which are sent to Him."

A Khaki Band of over sixty members—all Toronto Salvationists from the military camp at Niagara—took part in some of the meetings held in connection with this Congress. They rendered excellent service, and expressed a desire that the Khaki Band, during their stay in the Toronto training camp, if they remain intact, be utilized in specialising in some of the nearby towns. If military (Concluded on Page 6)



A Rear View, showing the interior of a Motor Ambulance



One of the Recently-formed Life-Saving Guards



BETHLEHEM'S STAR STILL SHINES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE)

to thousands of homes with their sad tidings of bereavement and suffering, will surely make the glad tidings of great joy that proclaimed the Saviour's birth only the more welcome!

Have not the shackles of the slave, and the dungeon of the oppressor in every age, magnified the light of liberty and freedom? And for us in this time of awful conflict, will not the carnage, the strife, the cruelty, the desolation, make the message of peace on earth, goodwill toward men, the more precious just because the need is so great?

If this message had never been proclaimed, how black indeed had been our darkness! But glory to God in the Highest, the Saviour has come. There is no night so dark but that the Star of Bethlehem can lighten it! There is no sorrow so bitter that the Son of God cannot share, for "surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows!" In all our afflictions, He is afflicted, and when our heart is breaking, the Angel of His Presence can save us from despair. There is now no night without a dawn, no afflicted one who cannot be comforted.

Sorrow and Love go side by side,
Nor height, nor depth can e'er divide

Their heav'n appointed bands,
Those dear associates life is one,
Nor till the race of life is run
Disjoin their wedded hands.

So let the followers of Christ lift up their heads on this precious Anniversary of our Saviour's birth, and let them go forth with greater assurance than ever before to carry the unfailing remedy for all ills into the darkest places at this dark time.

Go forth to prepare the way for the Light of the World. The Light of His Understanding proclaiming that He knows all things and that He is above all—that the government is upon His shoulder—that the hearts of kings and rulers and governors are in His hand—that the Lord reigneth! "Alleluia! for the Lord omnipotent reigneth!"

And prepare the way also for the Light of His Compassion! There is no suffering but reaches His heart. His ears have heard the little child.



MRS. GENERAL BOOTH

ren's cry and He will avenge them. "He that is higher than the highest regardeth."

And is not one of the most terrible darknesses of this time, not merely the physical suffering brought about by the war—not the piping winds—not the horrors of the dying on the wintry fields—not the pestilence and starvation—but the darkness of moral ruin which is spreading over so many hearts—the victims of the drink—the victims of lust—the victims slain by the special temptations which have overtaken so many of the young far away from the restraining influences of home and country? Upon this thick darkness the Light of His Purity and Truth can shine, for "He is able to succour them that are tempted."

The question has been asked, Does not this war between Christian nations indicate a failure of Christianity? We cannot deny that war in itself is contrary to the spirit of Christianity, but apart from the influence of Christianity, there would be no voice raised to bewail the war. There would be no protest made against its atrocities or cruelties. And we may, with confidence this Christmas-time remind ourselves and proclaim to all the world that peace and goodwill toward men is the Christ ideal, and that the followers of Christ it is for this we must wait, for this we may, if necessary, wage war. For, as God called to Cyrus of old, saying, "whose right hand I have holden to subdue nations before him," so He calls to His followers in every land to join Him in opposition to all that is opposed to His pure and perfect love. Yes, the proclamation of the Good Tidings was never more necessary.

Come to us, blest and blessing, Christmas Day! Tell us once more the tale of Bethlehem. What 'tis to be a man; to give, not take; to serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour; To help, not crush; if need be, not die.

Human life is the highest in God's creation. In the mineral kingdom we have existence without growth, in the vegetable world growth without animation, in the lower animal life animation without reason; but in the highest human life we have all three—growth, animation, and reason; political, social, and moral attributes.

OUR ARMY AND THE WAR

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necessities permit the men remaining in Toronto before the winter, arrangements will be made to

give effect to this proposal. Testimonies are reaching us from all hands as to the good influence that Salvationists bring to the rest of the men with whom they are brought into contact. Many have been led to Christ, or led to abandon

harmful habits, through the personal efforts of Salvationist comrades, while the efforts of the Chaplains in their public meetings have been largely owned of God. Let us continue steadfast in our prayers on their behalf.



The Motor Ambulance Unit Presented to The General by Canada East, for Service Among Our Russian Allies

SALVATIONISTS ON THE BATTLEFIELD

HOW BRITISH, BELGIAN & GERMAN SALVATION SOLDIERS HELPED ONE ANOTHER

THE GIFT OF A GUERNSEY

"When the Highgate Salvation Army Corps Band visited the King Albert Hospital for convalescent Belgian soldiers, the Bandmen were agreeably surprised to see a red guernsey worn by one of the men. Inquiries elicited the fact that its wearer was a good Salvationist, Private Le Clercq by name, hailing from near Liège, and wounded in the retreat from Antwerp in October, 1914. He was now boldly testifying of his Salvationism before his wounded comrades.

A CUP OF COLD WATER

"The battle of — was in progress, and our trenches were being raked by the enemy's fire. We were expecting to be told that the German guns would have to be silenced, and presently along the line came the order 'Charge!' We scrambled into the open and rushed forward, met by a perfect hail of bullets. Many of our men lay dead, but we who remained came to grips with the enemy. I cannot write of what happened then. The killing of men is a ghastly business.

"On the way back to the trenches I saw a poor German soldier trying to get to his water bottle. He was in a fearful condition. I knelt down by his side. Finding his own water bottle was empty, he opened his eyes and saw my Salvation Army Leaguer's button. His drawn face lit up with a smile, and he spoke broken English: 'Salvation Army? I also am a Salvation Soldier.' Then he felt for his Army badge. It was still pinned to his coat, though bespattered with blood.

"I gave him both shed a few tears, and then I picked up his poor, broken body, and with as much tenderness as possible, for the terrible hail of death was beginning again, I carried him to the ambulance. But he was beyond human aid. When I placed him on the wagon he gave a gentle tug at my coat, thinking he wanted to say something. I bent low and listened, and he whispered: 'Jesus, save with Jesus!'

A CUP OF TEA

"There's one man down!' shouted a sergeant of an East Lancashire Regiment, as he saw one of our section fall about fifty yards from where I was standing; relates a comrade of that regiment. 'At once ran to pick him up and carry him to the little wooden building used as a temporary hospital. On the way toward him I was struck in the arm, but I managed to get my man, and started off with him to the hospital. I was shot again, but managed to get through to the hospital with my burden. There I found two other wounded men—a Britisher and a German. The latter was seriously injured in the stomach and was calling for a drink.

"Kneeling by his side I asked in German, 'Drink cold water?' 'No,' he answered, 'hot.' And I determined that if I got shot in the arm, the poor fellow should not die without having had something to warm him. I said to myself, 'I know I am ready, I'll chance it; if I do not get through, Heaven's my Home, what matter?'

"I had my wounds dressed, and then went out. First, I made tracks for the pump, about one hundred yards from the shed, walking as best I could, some of the distance, and crawling the remainder, for the shells were falling and exploding all about me. Thank God, He spared me to get there safely.

"Having got the water safely I gathered some sticks, and went back to the shed; taking some matches from my pocket I lit a fire in the open and boiled the water, made tea, and took it to the hospital. Shells were whistling around all the time.

"My poor German was too far gone to move, so getting down, I placed his head upon my knee and gave him a drink. Oh, how grateful he was; tears of gratitude came into his eyes, shall never forget that moment, all enmity was forgotten, and we loved each other. Thank God He spared me to do at least that one act of kindness to a fallen foe."

The guernsey (of cardigan jacket shape) was obviously Salvation Army, though that title had been removed and the English words "God is Love" substituted. Why? And how did he come by it? were questions which immediately sprang into existence, and to answer them occasions the telling of an interesting story within a story—a story which takes one back to the stricken fields of Belgium during September of last year.

One day our comrade came across a German soldier who had just been taken prisoner. By means of unmistakable signs he gave Le Clercq to understand that he also was a Salvationist, and the two enemies were presently fraternizing as friends. The weather was cold and the German was insufficiently clad, so Brother Le Clercq



THE GLORY OF WAR

divested himself of his warm red guernsey and gave it to the other. Strange scene this for the battle field! A Belgian colonel noted the act and expressed some surprise.

"Oh, but he's my brother in Christ," explained Le Clercq to the officer.

"A strange brother," said the colonel with an amused shrug. "I wonder you trust him!"

"A brother-Salvationist, sir," added Le Clercq. "He's all right."

"The loss of my comrade was wounded, and found himself, in the course being treated in a hospital near Yarmouth. To his bedside came a clergyman who regularly visited the sick. The clergyman found that Le Clercq was a Salvationist he became deeply interested, and they had a number of conversations from time to time. One day Le Clercq told of the battle field incident, and the handing over of the guernsey. This moved his new friend so much that he said:—

"Then I shall give you mine for yourself, though I value it so highly!"

"But you haven't got a Salvation Army guernsey," said the wondering Le Clercq. "He was prepared for surprises in the Old Country, but hardly for that."

"Indeed I have," said the other, "and I have

worn it off and on for nearly twenty-five years. It is still good." And so it was the clergyman's red jacket which Le Clercq was wearing be-

fore his one hundred and eighty comrades in that Highgate hospital when the Band came. We are inclined to share the Belgian's wonder, for it is not exactly usual that a Church clergyman, however "warm," should own and wear a Salvation Army guernsey. That makes the other story!

Twenty-five years ago in the neighbourhood of Lowestoft a certain hand man had a good wife. He was a deep-sea fisherman, not over particular as to his language, fond of strong liquor, potatoes, and altogether indifferent to religion. His wife, on the other hand, was a Salvationist, a woman of prayer, and she was sorely tried and anxious by her husband's surly godlessness. The clergyman in question used to go out upon the deep with the trawlers in his quest of souls, and to him she confided her concerns. One night on the dark waters God gave him the man's soul. The grateful convert, out of respect to his spiritual father, said he would join the Church, but the clergyman said:—

"You wife is a Salvationist; she has been praying for you. Be the same; serve God together!" He obeyed, and there's been a proper Salvation Army home.

Knowing as far north as the Shetlands, so bleak and cold, the wife got him to accept from her, as an "outward and visible sign" of gratitude, the present of a warm Salvation Army guernsey of the jacket shape. This our friend wore when extra bodily cold (and, may we add, when extra bodily warm) on his travels, and at Salvation Army meetings in the Orkneys.

Feeling that perhaps he was not entitled to wear it with his "Salvation Army" words, the wife replaced by "God is Love." When not being worn the jacket was carefully kept from moth and dust by its owner. And only a great admiration for our Belgian comrade made him offer it up as a gift after these years of possession. In strange scenes and strange times, on Brother Le Clercq's soldierly journey, the guernsey is performing its witnessing service still.

NEAR TURKISH TRENCHES

An interesting letter is to hand from The Salvation Army Chaplain, Brigadier McKenzie, who is with the Australian troops. From the Gallipoli Peninsula he writes:—

"I came right up into the firing line with the troops of the — Brigade, — where the Turkish trenches are within fifty yards of us in fact. I was sent for as the boys were anxious I should be with them, and, to tell the truth, I was yearning to be with them, and near them. They were more than glad to meet me, and it is touching to see how solicitous they are for my welfare and safety.

"You will, of course, read all about our terrible struggle. The Australians have accomplished well, the impossible, and very many brave things have been done that will never be heard of. Their achievement ranks as one of the most gallant feats in the present war. Of course, we have had to pay a heavy price as we had no guns, only rifles and bayonets, and had to take a deadly hail of shrapnel and machine guns, and yet carried through after a war.

"The loss of so many brave and true men is a sore trial to me, and it has weighed on my soul with anguish.

"I am reading the burial service over many of those who have died to ensure a good many funerals every day. Our colonel, with our brigadier, brigade major, and many other gallant officers were lost the first two days.

"We found the colonel's body the first day I arrived, lying in an exposed position. We hurried him to read the service, the bullets by the hundreds meanwhile whistling over my head.

By the mercy of God I continue to the present, although I was nearly 'cut off' on four separate occasions. (Concluded on Page 30).

Seven Gifts to the Holy War

The Main Street, High Barnet, Where the Third Generation Was Trained in Open-air Warfare

GOD'S PROMISES & MAN'S FAITH

By Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg

"The Promises of God are sure—they are sure if— if— if you will only believe!" Last Words of the Late General Booth

I SUPPOSE there was never a time in the history of the world when was realized a greater need of faith in the living God than the present—not because there have not been other wars, for the past abounds in conflicts, perhaps, in their way, as terrible as that which is now affecting the whole world—but rather because there never has been a war when civilization had reached the advanced stage of the present day, and religion become so widely established upon the face of the earth. Neither must we forget what science has done in the way of the horrible inventions of torture and death that now exist. The mighty guns, the deadly hidden mines, and even the waging of war in the air. Thus I think I am not wrong when I say that never has the world felt its foundation, so to speak, so shaken, and never perhaps have Christians felt their utter need of clinging fast to the bulwarks of faith as to-day.

I have thought, sometimes, that if this war had been predicted before my father's death—or, if, during those last days when he was fighting his way through the dark valley, it had been revealed to him that such a period of strife, attended by such a harvest of calamity and war, was already nearing its dawn, the last legacy he left us, the last conscious words he breathed on earth, could not have been more beautifully chosen wherewith to comfort us during these years of test since our loss!

I wonder how many—I was going to say thousands—of times I have gone over that last Sunday when he spoke them, and seen the sunshine as it danced upon the pattern of the red carpet in the sick chamber, and touched the gentleness of its warm rays those dear, sightless eyes, and witnessed those wonderful, long, thin fingers that clasped in their nervous grip the loving, tender hands of my dear brother! That dear, burning head, as I held it in between my own hands, and the soft, white hair as I stroked it from the hot, feverish, yet death-tinted, brow. Oh, yes! Thousands of times I have seen that vision! In the railway cars I have seen it! In the hard, long, prayer-meeting struggle for souls, I have seen it! Reflected in the weeping eyes of the penitent at the Penitent Forum I have seen it! And now, even at this Christmastide, I shall see it all again! Then those words that I heard those dear lips utter, they were spoken with a struggle, but they came. What a precious legacy for future generations!

"The promises of God are sure—they are sure if—if you will only believe!" and again, "If you will only believe!" Oh, was it not just as if he knew what was coming? All the hate, all the anguish, all the awful sea of death that was going to sweep away in its remorseless waves the pick and prime of the nations' manhood! Just as though he knew we, whom he was going to leave behind, would want something that was more than a "scrap of paper" to hold out to a world lotted in mourning! Something more than a "scrap of paper" to whisper to the dying with which to breathe mortal courage into the living! Yes, it was just as if he knew—bless him! We did not, we could not see or understand the why and wherefore of that seeming mystery, but since then much of the veil concerning his death has been drawn away from our eyes, and we are glad he went. But his legacy he left behind him! The promises of God they are sure, if— if— if that's it! Oh, the anguish that little word "if" has cost thousands of us. When we have buried our loved ones—when we have come from the grave—Oh, the many "ifs" that have tortured us! If only I had tried that! If only I had taken them to that doctor, or to that climate, we have said, until our reason has stumbled in the balance, and we have called out in our anguish, "What is the use now that they are gone!"

Does it not equally confront and torture the sinner—the backslider! "If this morning I contemplated committing the awful crime of murder. If I had fallen upon my knees and prayed to God, my hands would never have been stained with blood," said a murderer through his sobs the morning he was to be executed. "If only I had embraced my Cross afresh, instead of laying it

down for what looked like a crown, I should not see written on my dark wall every night in large white letters the words, 'Lost opportunities,'" said an ex-Officer to me, while her hot, feverish hand pressed mine, and her hot tears fell upon it.

"If only I could have given my sweet baby back to the Father who gives and the Father who takes, this terrible pain caused by rebellion would cease," spoke the sweetest of young mothers, as with her dead darling upon her knee, she kept planting burning kisses, watered by her scorching tears, upon the marble face, as though their living warmth would make baby wake from that strange, cold slumber. Oh, yes, that "if"! What agonies it presents, or yet what unspeakable joy, comfort, or peace it unfolds—all the unfathomable blessing contained in the numberless promises of God—are sure and eternal as the Rock of Ages, "If we will only believe!" "If we will only believe!"

But let us for one moment recall the man who uttered those words. He lived for eighty-four years, he bore huge responsibilities, was subject to the bitterest disappointments, physical and otherwise. Again and again he had to pass to Glory by the way of Gethsemane, yet his last cry of triumph, as the poor, earthly tabernacle was being dissolved, was, "The promises of God are sure if—if you will only believe!"

Do you not suppose there were circumstances and seasons when that "if" confronted him; when, like his Master, he cried out in anguish of spirit, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me?" But he did not stop at the "if"—he continued, "Nevertheless, Father, not my will, but Thine, be done!" He endured unto the end, and, like Abraham after he had endured, he obtained the promise.

Oh, I am thinking there will be millions of God's children to-day in this poor, stricken, bleeding world who will be hearing at this Christmastide some deep secret or open sorrow, maybe caused by the sins and follies of others, who will be wondering if God ever hears their prayers, and even if it is any use praying at all! If they could only believe this promise: "And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear!"

There are thousands of others this Christmas who, since that of 1914, have lost all they possessed, who will be struggling with the direst doubts as to whether, after all, there is a Christ, and if there is, whether He cares nought for all this chaos of misery, destruction, and death. If only such could believe that little verse: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father? But ye are of more value than many sparrows—the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

There are thousands more this Christmas time who will be struggling with poverty for the first time; adversity will be pressing heavily upon them! They will have to watch their loved ones in want, which is much greater pain than being in need ourselves. If only they could believe that promise, beautiful among the beautiful—"I, even I, will comfort you!" These promises are all ours, "if you will only believe!" and have "Faith in the night as well as the day!" Faith shines brighter in the dark! It is like a wee phosphorescent cross I once had when young, which hung over my bed. It was very pretty in the sunlight, and everybody used to admire it, but I would say to them all, "Oh, but you should see it in the darkness of the night!" Even so proved the promises of God later in my life, when the storms blew, when the little babies died, when I buried my best and truest and dearest—it was then in dark sorrow that the promises shone sure, when if only I could believe!

"Believe though the sky is darker than ever—than ever before—Believe though the mist have arisen and the sun be hid—Believe though your heart is breaking: remember His promise, 'I care!' Just dare!" Believe, Oh, believe; He is faithful; just trust Him, just follow,



COMMISSIONER LUCY BOOTH-HELLBERG

Pictorial Section



A FAMILIAR SIGHT at Christmastide in the large cities of the Dominion is that of Salvationists collecting for the poor, and the substantial sums given are proof of the confidence the public has in The Salvation Army. Last Christmas Eve a gentleman, with his coat collar turned up, evidently anxious to avoid recognition, dropped into the pot a roll of twenty fifty-dollar bills—tied together in a rough and ready manner with a piece of string—just as casually as though it were a single dollar bill. It is thought he was the man who gave five hundred dollars the year previous. It is not in the power of all to give a thousand-dollar gift, but most can put in a quarter to help keep the pot boiling for the poor at Christmas. And we earnestly ask our readers to remember those who need our help.

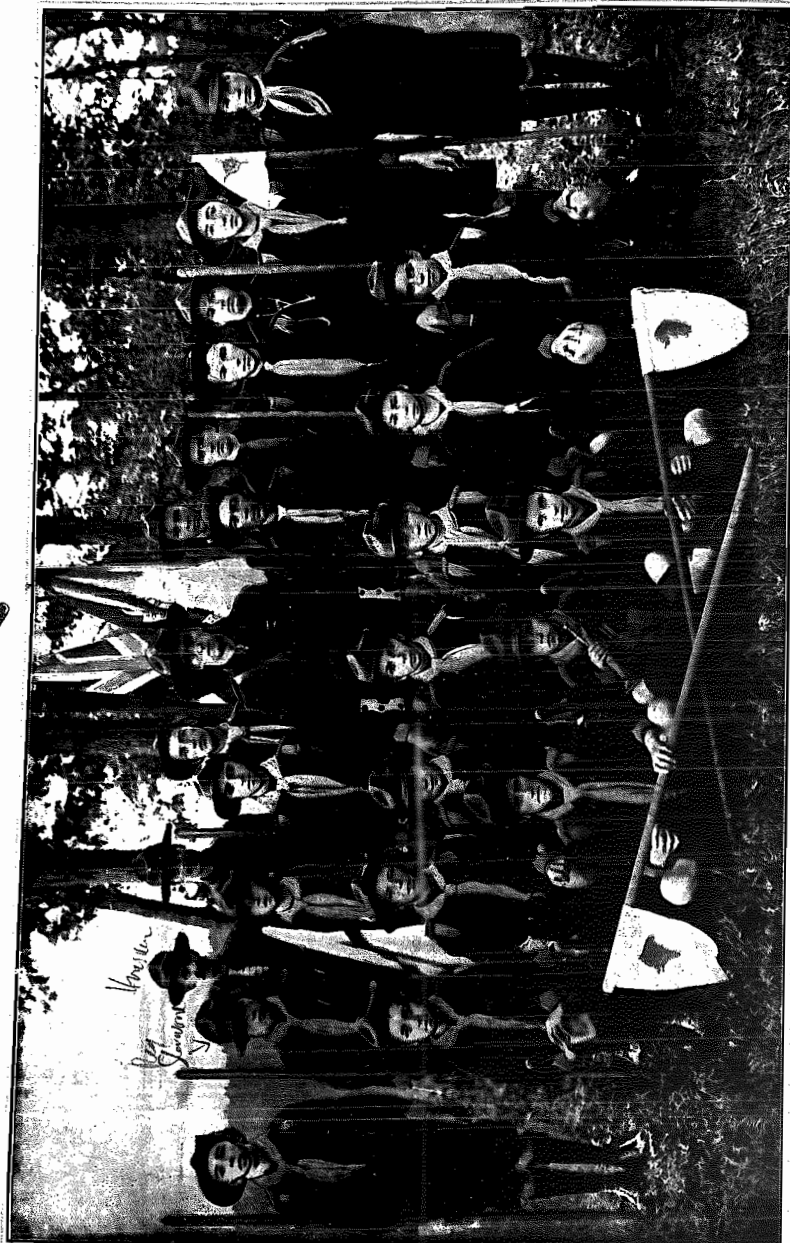


CHRIST ON THE BATTLEFIELD

OUR ILLUSTRATION is designed to show in pictorial form some of the agencies for the spiritual and material well-being of those in the firing lines. In the foreground will be seen the Chaplain affording spiritual consolation to the dying soldier, and receiving from him his last message to those at home. The Salvation Army has official and official Chaplains with all the belligerent forces except those of Austria and Turkey. With the Canadian Overseas Forces we have six Chaplains with the honorary rank of Captain. In the immediate foreground is a Salvationist with a wounded Belgian. Over eight thousand wounded Belgian soldiers have passed through our hands. In the background

stands a Motor Ambulance. Four Units of Motor Ambulances have been presented to the Military Authorities by The Salvation Army. Canada has just contributed three cars. These cars are operated by Salvationists. There are approximately two thousand Salvation Army Landsmen at the front, who, when on active service, act as stretcher-bearers. There are thousands of members of The Army's Naval and Military League who embrace every opportunity of assisting distressed—friend and foe alike, as shown by the British soldier who is giving a drink from his water-bottle to a wounded German, who proved to be a Salvationist also. Further particulars of this humanitarian work will be found on Page 6.

J Bond



**A TROOP OF TORONTO
LIFE-SAVING SCOUTS**

This is a Salvation Army actively on behalf of the Young People which is the most effective and successful method of securing popularity and success, and promises to accomplish great good amongst the boys.



COMMISSIONER W. J. RICHARDS

Chief Officer of The Salvation Army in Canada and Newfoundland



"I WILL GIVE YOU REST"

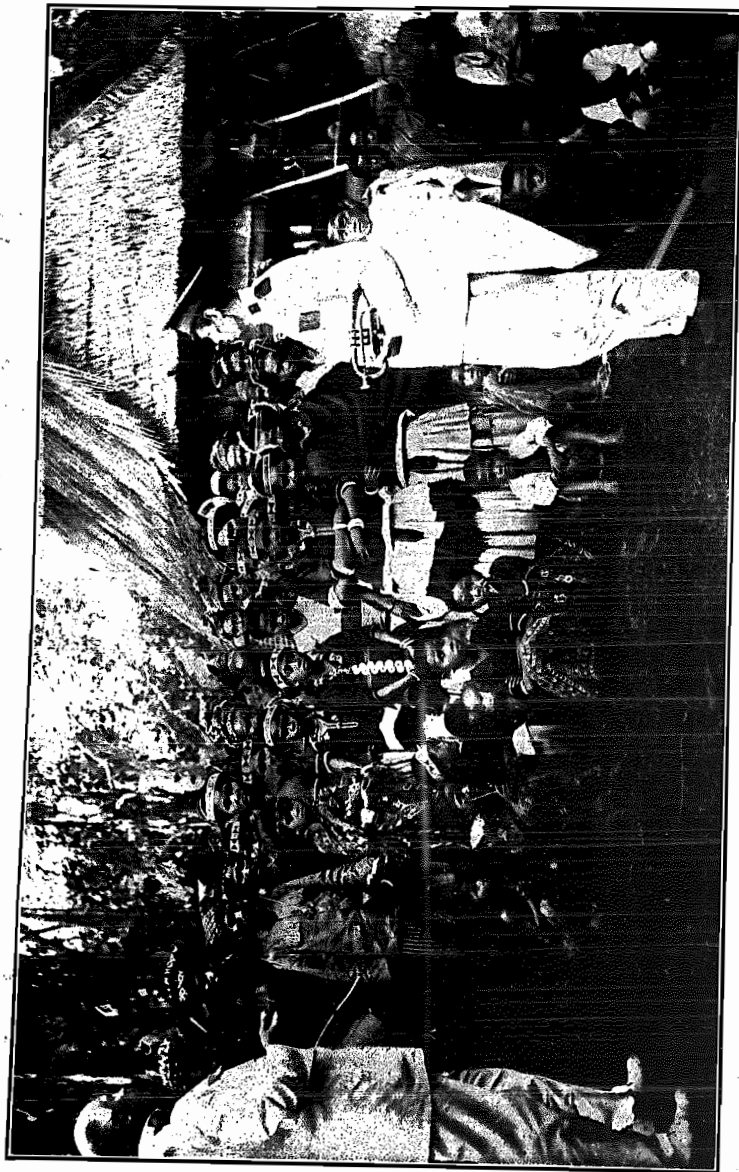


MRS. COMMISSIONER RICHARDS



**HE IS SOMEWHERE
IN FRANCE THIS CHRISTMAS**

Nearly two thousand Salvation Army Bandsmen are serving at the front. Sixty Toronto Bandsmen enlisted in a fortnight, and all over the Dominion this Christmas there are Bandsmen's wives who will fondly gaze at the portrait of the dear absent one. Pray for them.



MISSIONARY WORK IN MID-CELEBES

This interesting photograph shows Lieut.-Colonel de Groot and Captain de Groot, both of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, standing with the natives of Kodaw, Celebes, one of the latest countries to be evangelized by The Army in 'thirties' campaign.

• THE THIRD GENERATION •



GENERAL & MRS WILLIAM BOOTH.



GENERAL & MRS BRAMWELL BOOTH



Capt BERNARD BOOTH



Cadet Sergt Major OLIVE BOOTH



Capt MIRIAM BOOTH.



Major CATHERINE BOOTH.



Bandmaster WYCLIFFE BOOTH.



Ensign MARY BOOTH.



Treasurer DORA BOOTH.

• The Sons and Daughters of General Bramwell Booth •



SALVATION ARMY OFFICERS ARRIVE IN TIME TO STOP A FIGHT AT A NATIVE KRAAL

While the Government has put down the old intertribal fighting, numberless small feuds still arise among South African natives, and often lead to lamentable bloodshed. Much trouble of this kind springs from the hold-out of "Beer Drinkers." The role of Peacekeepers-in-Chief is only one of the many unexpected capacities in which The Army Officers who are stationed at Native Settlements have to act. (See Page 23)



"Oh, MFundi, I have a fire, a raging fire here." . . . "Ha, it is his sciatic nerve that's bothering him," remarked the leader.

MISSION FIELD SKETCHES

COMMISSIONER RICHARDS, when in charge of The Army's operations in South Africa, once visited a settlement in Zululand. He was accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, the Secretary for the Native Work. The Officer in charge of the Settlement, Adjutant M'Bambo, organized a great procession of converts—the results of two years' labours—to meet the Commissioner. The following stories briefly describe some of the Zulu converts who formed the front rank of the procession:—

THE MIRACLE

WITH head thrown back, flashing eyes, and her bare, bronze arms grasping the flag-staff, she might have been posed for a heroic figure in sculpture. Her ample body pulsated with vitality, and nothing seemed more alive than she. And yet, not so very long before, she had, to human eyes, been dead and her grave had been dug, and lamentations had been made on her account. To the simple children of the wilderness she was a miracle: "she had been raised from the dead."

This is how it happened:—The woman had been sick for some days, and then life seemed to leave her. Perhaps it had: who knows? At any rate, for a considerable time she lay still and apparently breathless. Her friends gathered round and manifested their grief, and the grave-diggers performed their mournful task.

Among those who came to show their sympathy with the bereaved ones was the Salvation M'Fundis. He was received into the hut with great courtesy—for he had won their respect. He stood by the side of the lifeless woman and, although the bearers stood around ready to carry her out, an instinct or a Divine prompting caused him to delay the funeral. He desired to pray beside the body of the supposed dead.

After prayer an instinct or a Divine prompting—which—again caused him to place his hand upon the dead woman's face. He was conscious of a touch that was not deathlike, and uncon-

sciously he gently rubbed the face, and from that passed to slapping the hands. To his surprise, a warm colour seemed to overspread the face of the dead. He continued his manipulations and prayer, and then, to his surprise, the supposedly-dead woman sat up and spoke.

There was excited amazement when the natives came to carry out the burial and found the corpse alive and apparently well. They marvelled at the powers of The Salvation Army Officer who, they considered, had raised her from the dead, and they called him the "resurrection man."

This afforded him an opportunity of preaching unto the natives the glorious news that "he that believeth, though he were dead, yet shall be live."

The woman believed, and experienced a new birth into righteousness.

A "SMELLING-OUT"

ACRIME had been committed at the Great Place. A precious article belonging to the chief's wife had been stolen, and effort was made to recover it, so the barbaric custom of "smelling out" the thief was to be resorted to.

In the morning came the witch doctor and all the men and women about the Great Place were assembled together. The doctor, after due preparation, went through his incantations and his wild witch-finders' dances. The women, among them being a very old one, stood around clapping their hands in time with the dancing and chanting with weird, impressive effect, while the doctor told of what happened and the malice which some one bore to the chief's wife. The men sat together listening, the lurid light in their eyes showing how their savage and superstitious feelings were aroused. "A snake has been sent by its

owner to take the precious article," the witch doctor said. "A big snake."

"Who is the owner of that snake?" one of the men asked.

"Noma," was the reply.

Noma was the name of the old woman. In vain she denied the accusation, but the women of the tribe moved away from her. They would not sit with such a polluted being.

She was examined and cross-examined again, but she denied ever having caused the precious thing to be taken, or being able to produce it. She was cruelly treated but could not confess the crime.

Then, on the advice of the witch-doctor, it was decided that she should be tortured by fire to make her confess. She was placed in a grass hut, and the structure was set alight. The dried grass and reeds roared and blazed like an inferno, and when the flames and smoke had died away, only the charred remains lay around the smoking ashes.

"We did it in our ignorance, M'Fundis," we only did as our fathers had done, and we but obeyed our chief. Truly we did a horrible thing, but we did it in darkness. Will not the good God forgive us for this sin?"

Thus spoke three native prisoners in the Pietermaritzburg Prison.

The news of the "smelling-out" and the burning of the old native woman had reached the ears of the Government, and the three men who placed the old woman in the hut and fired it at the behest of the witch-doctor and the chief had been arrested, convicted, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. While in prison they had been visited by a native Salvation Army Officer; and, as a result of his prayers and counsels, they desired to have the mercy of God shown to them. God was merciful to these three penitent heathen.

On their release from prison they became consistent, happy Salvationists, and were to the front in the great procession to welcome the Commissioner into their district.

THE "MAD" ZULU

A NATIVE of herculean frame, with a Sep-geant's chevron on his arm and a huge ram's horn to his lips, led the procession. He was

-Our Great New Serial Story

humble, sincere prayer, that the God of The Salvation Army would pardon all their past sins, would create in them new hearts, and enable them to live happy lives together, and take their spirits to the great Heaven after death.

FLOTSAM and JETSAM

NOT long ago a large ship, bound from Montreal to Toronto with a cargo of sugar, was driven by a storm to the Scarborough Bluffs, almost within sight of Toronto harbour. With her bow and stern smashed in, there she lay on the rocks, being mercilessly pounded by giant waves, which treated every moment to complete the work of destruction. When the storm abated a curious crowd streamed out to the scene to watch the salvage crew at work. What a sight it was to see the broken remnants of the once noble ship, now useless and abandoned.

But one could not help but be struck with the analogy between ships and humanity. How many men and women there are who, whilst voyaging over the sea of life, are driven by storms to the rocks of doubt, despair andretchedness! Rattled and wrecked by their own inner selves, useless and abandoned by friends, their pitiable position excites our sympathy. And it is to just such as these that the Army extends helping hand in their hour of utmost need. Here are a few typical samples of such salvage work, which have recently come under our notice:

ON THE WATER WAGON

He was nearly fifty years of age and his total capital was forty-five cents. After half a century of toiling and struggling in the office of a bookkeeper, he had come to the end of his rope. He was not a very grand fellow, but our Tom had been foolish with the money he earned, and the saloonkeeper had got possession of the greater part of it. He came shuffling into the Army Metropole one drizzle-drenched night, and with a look of despair on his face, he went to the bar, and sat drinking until he was as white as a sheet. He was then taken to the bar, and sat drinking until he was as white as a sheet.

"Yes, sir, I had as good a start in life as any young man," declared the poor wreck. "My other gave me a thorough business education and started me as a bookkeeper in the office of a big firm. But I failed to see the value of it, and instead of striving to serve my employers to the utmost of my ability, I merely did the least that was required of me and was often reprimanded for idleness and arriving late. The consequence was I lost my position. I was then driven to the streets, and I got in with didn't help me any and often times I was completely incapacitated for work by my drunkenness and debauchery. I was then taken to the bar, and sat drinking until he was as white as a sheet. He was then taken to the bar, and sat drinking until he was as white as a sheet.

"Now we'll pray," said the Captain. And thus Tom made a new start. Nearly a year has passed since then and Tom is still on the water wagon, is looking a good position, and is grateful to the Army for temporal and spiritual help in the hour of his direst need.

FROM LAW TO THE "COOP"

Wreck No. 2 was at one time a prosperous lawyer. He also made shipwreck of his life and prospects through drink. The Army Captain met him in a Police Station. Though quite aware of the fact that he was a poor wreck, this man's pride would not allow him to accept help of any kind from the despised Salvation Army.

"Don't attempt to offer any sympathy to me, my good fellow," he said to the Captain. "I have some respect left yet." The Captain ignored the sneer and patiently tried to win him over to take a sensible view of things.

"Now, the best thing you can do is to come with me and stay at my place for a while," he said. "The police have said they will allow this, and it will save you going to jail."

"Look here, old fellow," said the other, "I'll make a bargain with you. If you'll get me a good drink of whiskey, I'll go with you, only I must make the condition that we walk on opposite sides of the street."

The Captain decided to let him stay in the Police Station. A month later the man was in the

SOME STRIKING HUMAN DOCUMENTS CONCERNING WRECKS ON THE SEA OF LIFE, AND HOW THE ARMY SALVAGED THEM

Tom came home to The Metropole one night in a horribly drunken condition. Pleadings were made for no avail and the man went from bad to worse till at last he came within the clutches of the law and was sentenced to a term in jail. But the Army never gives up hope for a man.

The Captain visited the jail and talked and prayed with Tom, but all to no avail. When Tom got out of jail he went on a big drunk again. Many men would have ceased their efforts to help Tom after this, but not so the Captain. One day the two men met on the street. "Gimme a dime to get something to eat with, Captain," pleaded Tom. "I'm nearly starved."

But the Captain refused. He knew Tom meant a drink. "Come to the Metropole one drizzle-drenched night, and with a look of despair on his face, he went to the bar, and sat drinking until he was as white as a sheet. He was then taken to the bar, and sat drinking until he was as white as a sheet.

"For God's sake, help me to a better life, Captain!" he said. That was an appeal the Captain could not resist, and he felt glad that he had not yielded to the man's entreaties for money. He took him home, got him to clean himself up and then set a good hot meal before him.

"Now we'll pray," said the Captain. And thus Tom made a new start. Nearly a year has passed since then and Tom is still on the water wagon, is looking a good position, and is grateful to the Army for temporal and spiritual help in the hour of his direst need.

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toils again. He pleaded with the Magistrate to be put on the Indian list, so that no one should sell him liquor. "Why don't you go with the Salvation Army?" said the Magistrate. "They will help you if any one on earth can." By this time the poor chap must have thought that his last vestige of respect had been lost for he signified his willingness to go with the Captain. He was in a terrible shape. His face was cut and battered through falling about on the street; his clothes were torn and muddy, and his health, it was plain to see, had suffered greatly through his excesses. Like a whipped cur, he slouched after the Captain. To fall into the hands of the Salvation Army was, in his opinion, about the worst degradation he could suffer.

The Captain had an idea of a taxi with this man as he had ever had with anyone. He sat silent and moody most of the time and was not at all responsive to the Captain's efforts to cheer him up. But, little by little, the Captain won his way into his heart. He proposed one night that they should take a walk together, the Captain putting on plain clothes in consideration for his feelings.

"I talked to him about principle," said the Captain. "And the nobility of standing firm in our resolves for good. It seemed to affect him very deeply."

These walks became of frequent occurrence and after awhile the Captain ventured to approach the subject of religion. Rather to his surprise the man said that he believed in God. The Army was right in its beliefs after all, and that he wished he could obtain the assurance that his sins were forgiven. The Captain urged him to get right with God then and there, and he apparently thought the matter had to be argued out, like a case in court. But the Captain has hopes of his thorough conversion yet.

Through the active efforts of the Captain this man obtained a good position once more, and out of his first month's salary he paid for his board and lodging whilst with the Army. He has kept out of the drink ever since he went home with the Captain, and is in a fair way once more of making good from a material standpoint. Let us hope he will at length find the peace that passes all understanding, and thus be a success in the sight of God.

The old soldier Poor old Joe was Wreck No. 3. He was seventy-one years of age when The Army first got hold of him. In his early days he had been a British soldier. He came to this city as far back as 1873, and for many years worked in the woods of New Brunswick. Then he went railroading out West. All the time he was a very hard drinker, and it played havoc with his constitution.

In his old age he appeared in the Police Court as a drunk and a vagrant. So crippled was he that he could not walk without the aid of a thick stick. He was also filthy dirty.

All the way from the Police Court to the Metropole he cried like a child, "Purty hard, Capen, purty hard, I said to come to this to my time of life."

The Captain prepared a good hot (Continued on Page 2)



THE SMART SOLDIER, who became a drunken old man



THE BOOKKEEPER, who became a desperate jail bird



THE YOUNG SCOTCH, who represented into a sportsman



TING-TING-TING!

"TING-TING-TING!" called the little bell attached to the shoelace as the frame door was slid back along the groove. "Gomen nasai" ("Please pardon me," said a voice. The Officer new to Japan pushed aside another paper door and looked at her visitors, two Japanese maidens. By signs she asked them into the room. There the three sat and smiled—and smiled, having no other means of communication. They had no English—he had, as yet, no Japanese.

Ah, a happy thought! The Officer rose and brought the dictionary. As she placed the book on her lap, the elder maiden offered her a book of beautiful print, further confusing the European. With the aid of the dictionary and many gestures it was at length clear that the visitors were sisters, the older desiring to secure a teacher for the younger. Then remembrance intervened.

A couple of doors distant was a Japanese lady who could speak English and would kindly interpret for The Army Officer. She was asked to do so now, and to explain politely that The Army woman was too busy learning Japanese to undertake the teaching of English, but if Headquarters permitted and time allowed in the future, she would be glad to help the callers.

After some Salvation songs to the accompaniment of flutina and concerning, the little Japanese ladies retired.

O Koto San, the younger, had, however, been fascinated by this indoor glimpse of The Salvation Army. Something within her heart cried in curiosity and longing after this strange people. She told her sister, "With great desire I desire to see and hear them again."

"Go, then, little one," it is but the call of a child's love for the new," replied the elder.

"I fearfully permit me to come often," said O Koto San, at her next visit through the interpreter. She had brought a present, a charming trinket for the hair, according to Japanese custom when visiting.

The Officer thanked her in the courteous Japanese fashion, but explained that Salvationists do not wear any ornaments or jewellery. The S's on the collar of The Army uniform meant "Salvation" and were not merely a decoration.

Very interested was O Koto San, and equally pleased with the assurance that her Army friend would often see her. Long and animated were their limited conversations.

Across Tokio lay the work given to the Officer new to Japan. Farewells were spoken, and O Koto San was lost in the multitudes of the city and the seclusion of her home. Once only did the Officer see her during many months. There was a festival at one of the temples, and O Koto San, gorgeous in silk, her face whitened, her lips elaborately dressed, and her parted red lips smiling, was coming down the temple steps talking to another young girl.

The Officer sighed. Yet in O Koto San's heart the first love for the strange Salvation Army still burned, like a reluctant charity in the heart of a young woman who had been so kind to her.

Then the Officer crossed Tokio to the district where the girl lived, for a new Army Hall had been opened there. Hardly had she entered when a young woman rushed into her arms. It was O Koto San, overwhelmed with delight.

"But—but," said the Officer, bewildered. "I loved The Army, yes, from the first day when you came to your door! After you had gone I continued to ask questions about it. One evening I followed the open-air meeting and

O KOTO SAN A Japanese Love Story

to march to the Hall. Then I went always, listening, trying to understand. When I felt I did understand, I went to the Penitent Form; I prayed to be saved, and now I am always so happy! I also am a Recruit, and if you have become clever in the Japanese language, I will become clever in the English language. I have thought of you each day, and never thought to see you till we meet in Heaven. Now God has been so good to allow us to meet again, and we will go to Heaven together!"

O Koto San, youngest of a heathen family much opposed to her action, became a Soldier, making a brave stand for God and The Army, living a Godly life at home, praying, singing, and testifying for Jesus in the streets. The Spirit of the Lord had taken possession of her. Loving her parents and family devotedly, they were subordinated to her highest love, that for Christ and His Cross. Her one wish and prayer was to become a Corps Cadet, then enter our Training College in Tokio, and finally become an Officer, and she gave herself to prayer and study, reading every Japanese publication issued by The Army. To do this meant self-sacrifice and courage, for she was responsible for a good share of household duties, her family being engaged in business.

At this period her people removed to another district and O Koto San was separated from her beloved Corps. She set herself to find the nearest Corps to where she now lived. It was quite distant and very small; nevertheless, she made herself known, secured a transfer, and resumed the fight.

Night after night she stood with the Captain, an elderly man (the few Soldiers could not get to the meetings often), and while he beat The Army drum she held the Flag, or carried an illuminated announcement, or a big Japanese lantern slung on a bamboo pole.

Alternately the Captain and O Koto San sang and testified, prayed and marched, two strong may, three, for there was a Third—for Whom dear sake the two toiled to bring their country-people to His Feet.

Love must be always doing for the beloved. O Koto San understood, and to try to raise funds for The Army Work. The Army is very poor in Japan, and fifty thousand dollars per year is required for the work amongst the people and students, the upkeep of Medical, Rescue, Prison Gate, and other operations.

The permission of her people being obtained (though her father thought her too frail in body



O Koto San

to do the work of an Officer long, and continually told her so), O Koto San was accepted for Training for Officership. Again there was worldly intervention. O Koto San had no love story but that of her love for Christ and The Army. Her wealthy young merchant now asked her, in marriage, approaching her brother on the subject. "It's no use!" returned her brother instantly. "She is Salvation Army, and her love is to devote her whole life to the work of an Officer." The young man sought a bride elsewhere, and O Koto San's brother told her of the offer.

O Koto San smiled. "I don't wish to live for myself and have plenty of money, I want to live in The Salvation Army and work for God and the Salvation of my people. I am so glad you answered for me in that right way."

O Koto San's love story is but one of many beautiful Japanese stories of self-sacrifice for Christ.

Oh, pray, that we may have thousands to carry the Message to the millions of Japan in the spirit and power of Jesus.

From the woman Officer who was new to Japan and whom O Koto San reveres.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

(Continued from Page 28)

bat for the poor old fellow, but soon saw that he was too feeble to properly clean himself, so he took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and washed the old man himself. As he did so he could not keep back the tears, as they fell into the bath tub, he said that the old man was literally washed in drops of genuine human pity.

The Captain then put the old man to bed, gave him a good soup and asked him to keep the evening. When he woke up the Captain sat by his bedside and began to talk to him.

"Do you know where you are, dad?" he asked.

The old man shook his head; then, as recollection of the kind treatment he had received came to him, he said in a feeble voice:

"I guess I must be in the House of God."

"Yes, dad, that's what it is, only they call it a Salvation Army Metropole. But it's one and the same thing. Now since you are in God's House, don't you think you ought to pray to Him?"

"Ain't never prayed since I was a lay of nine," said the old man. "Kinder forgot all about God."

"Well, try to now," urged the Captain. "Say the words after me." And he began to repeat, "Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Give us this day our daily bread."

After the Amen was said the old man was quiet for awhile. Then he said, "Capen, I feels a lot better now. I'm a-going to keep up that prayer."

He stayed two months in the Metropole and gradually regained his strength. He seemed to have lost his desire for drink and was a regular attendant at the meetings. One night, by credit at the Penitent Form "to settle the matter in a decent, straightforward way," as he said.

Shortly afterwards the Captain came across a man who had formerly employed the poor old fellow. He asked him if he could find some little place for him where the work would not be too hard. "Sure," he replied. "I'll give him a night job on one of my farms and, of course, you can't talk. I'll look after him well for old times sake."

And thus this poor old wreck was salvaged through human kindness, and his course, through Divine grace, was set for the Heavenly Port.

COMMISSIONER MAPP, An Old Friend in a New Dress

One more case we must briefly mention. Harry went on the rocks early. He was a wild

lad and married a girl wife when he was in his teens. His drunken and vicious habits soon caused her to leave him, however. Then he went completely to the dogs and became addicted to the morphine habit. When only 25 years of age he was arrested with a woman who claimed to be his wife, and charged with insanity, the result of morphine.

"Can you do anything for this man?" said the Magistrate to the Salvation Army Captain. "Certainly, sir," said the Captain.

"Then I'll hand him over to you for eight days," said the Magistrate. "Report to me at the end of that time."

The Captain had indeed a big problem on his hands. To cure an insane morphine fiend was a job not many men would care to tackle. And then there was the woman to be looked after, also.

Fortunately the Captain had a good friend who was a doctor. To him, therefore, he went, and asked if he could get the morphomaniac into a hospital and give him special treatment. After a good deal of trouble the doctor was able to do this. But the Captain also had some special treatment of his own for the poor chap and he relied on this more than on the hospital treatment. Every day he visited the patient and talked seriously to him about his soul and about the future. And he prayed with him and for him, and besought God to restore him to health and to his right mind.

At the end of eight days he was able to report to the Magistrate that the man was progressing favourably. A week later poor Harry was discharged from the hospital, and the Captain took him into his own home.

In the meantime, the Captain's wife had taken care of the young woman, and, after many serious talks, had persuaded her to give up her sinful life and try to earn an honest living. A good situation was secured for her, and she went to it with the resolve of living a better life in the future.

Harry had become his normal self again during his enforced stay in the hospital, and the Captain helped him in the awful fight he now had against his depraved appetites. He was very weak and needed constant watching and care, but the Captain's care rendered when he noticed that Harry really tried to live a different life.

Learning that Harry was well connected—the only son, in fact, of a rich merchant—the Captain got in touch with the father, and was glad to receive a letter from him, saying that Harry could come home when he wished.

Five weeks after being handed over to the Army's care, Harry went home to his parents, a completely-transformed young man. Just lately the Captain received a touching letter of gratitude from the mother, thanking him for the help rendered her boy in trouble.

As Harry is a young man yet, well this side of thirty, he has a chance of many years of a useful and honoured life.

These four cases are but typical examples of the many hundreds of human wrecks salvaged by devoted Army workers. Pray that God may increasingly bless their labour of love, and strengthen their hands and hearts for the grapple with human sin, misery, and despair.

SALVATIONISTS ON THE BATTLEFIELD

(Continued from Page 7)

Twice with shells and twice with bullets. The first shell fell three feet behind me and I threw myself flat on the road. I was covered with soil thrown up by the shell. The second shell dropped yesterday at 5.30 p.m. while I was conducting a funeral. There were twenty of us, and the shrapnel fell all around, and even in the grave, though by a miracle not one of us was hurt. One bullet grazed the top of my head and the other the tip of my right ear. However, I am in fine form. I have just come down now from spending four hours with the men in the front trench, having read to them in groups of ten and fifteen.

"I may, or may not, come out of this struggle alive, but whatever happens I am more than glad to be with the men preaching Jesus to them, and trying to live as a man of God should live."

"I am supremely happy and will die for my country and in the men's interests in readiness and without fear."

"God is faithful and never fails. I greet all comrades with Salvation salutations. God is with us."

The Praying League.

THEME FOR THANKSGIVING

That "Unto us a Child is born; unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulders; and His name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

PRAYER TOPICS

1. That out of sorrow and strife may come the real joy of permanent peace—"when the nations shall learn war no more."
2. That homes may be desolated by this devastating carnage may be comforted by the presence of the Prince of Peace.
3. That the Corps depleted because comrades are with the troops may be reinforced by recruits in the Army of the King of kings.
4. That all who suffer physically or mentally because of the ravages of war may be strengthened and healed by the Heart of Galilee.
5. That the mission of Christ to bring Salvation life to all may be more clearly understood and accepted.

BIBLE STUDY ON SYMPATHY

SATURDAY, December 25—Christmas Day. Matthew 2:1-15.

SUNDAY, December 26—The Nobleman's Daughter. John 4:43-54.

MONDAY, December 27—The Withered Hand. Mark 3:1-7.

TUESDAY, December 28—The Blind Man. John 9:1-45.

WEDNESDAY, December 29—Apostles Comforted. Matthew 10:16-31.

THURSDAY, December 30—The Healer. Matthew 8:1-17.

FRIDAY, December 31—Sympathy With the Needy. Matthew 15:30-39.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

By Mrs. Blanche Read-Johnston

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives . . . to comfort all that mourn."—Isaiah 61:1-2.

"Make your Prayer League contribution as Christmas 'as possible' was the request of our talented Editor. And the admonition for motion a current of thought; along that mental stream seemed outlined in silvery light one little word—Sympathy."

Christmas! What has Christmas meant in past days? What does it mean in Anna Domini 1918? It has meant gladness for childhood! We hope for many it will still mean happiness. But to multitudes of little ones it will bring a day without the presence of father. And the pathetic "Daddy is in the trenches," "Daddy is at the war," will tear-dim many a mother's eye.

Christmas in past times has meant re-union to many happy hearts! We hope it may be so again in future years. But the admonition for motion we have the vacant chair and the heart-aching for dear son or father "somewhere in France," or with a name written upon the honour roll of the Empire.

Christmas has meant the exchange of gifts: it will surely do so again. But because of the tragedy of war and its multitudinous claims for Red Cross and Patriotic purposes it must of necessity be of a much more modified form.

Sympathy! But one gift all can bestow: the human-divine gift of sympathy. Let it be poured out lavishly, freely as precious treasure, upon all needy, lonely, and sorrowing hearts. Like the widow's cruse of oil, it will increase in its outpouring!

It may flow out in the form of kindly deeds, gentle words, thoughtful little services. If this glantly war teaches us all how to be really kind, truly sympathetic, it will not have been all loss to the Empire.

Sympathy! And to those who by reason of the loss of dear ones, or the forced absence of members of your homes, or family circle, my brief Christmas greeting is—

Remember the Christ of the Christmas-tide; not so much in His Infant Advent, as in the life He spent going about doing good; binding up the broken hearts; healing suffering bodies and

comforting sorrowing spirits. Let the glad bells of the festive time ring out a carol to the Divine Saviour, rather than to the Babe of Bethlehem.

Let the praise be to Him who came that all might have life, perfect, glowing, useful, triumphant, abundant life. Do not dwell in your secret heart too much upon past joys. But look outward and upward: the radiance of the Star of Hope and Promise, which shone over Judah's hill, still shines in the dark sky of earth-pan and discord. "His name . . . Wonderful."

"Ah, wonderful star, the horizon adorning, Bright herald of peace, to the world a glad warning;

Proclaiming as near on that beautiful morning The Prince and Redeemer of men.

"Ah, wonderful star, which the darkness could found, Ab, wonderful Child by the shepherds sur-

rounded, Ah, wonderful song which in praises resounded, O'er mountain and valley and glen."

TROOPER McKENNA

(Continued from Page 25)

you can what you want with me. I am very busy, but if there is anything I can do for you I shall be pleased!"

"I think you will remember the case at Bokstad in which I was involved?"

"Yes."

"And that you tried it and found me 'not guilty'?"

"Yes."

"You will see by the badge I am now wearing that I have become a Salvationist, and that means, of course, that I have been converted. I was led to God through The Salvation Army, and I am now trying to live a right life, and hope to be an Officer in its ranks."

"I am following you. Go on."

"I have felt that I ought to come and tell you that my defence on that occasion was a pack of lies."

"I cannot say I am altogether surprised to hear it was, though I must confess I hardly expected you to tell me so."

"I thought it was my duty, particularly on account of Corporal Hill, who may perhaps be suffering on account of my action."

"Yes, I think you have done right to come and tell me, and I am very pleased you have done so. I have been very much impressed with the work of The Army; I think it is doing a lot of good, and this does not decrease my estimate of it. Have you said anything to Corporal Hill yourself about the matter?"

"No, I thought I should tell you first, but I should like to write to him and make a full confession."

"Yes, I think you should do so."

"And now, my lad, may God bless you! I am very glad indeed that you are going to be a Salvation Army Officer, and I shall always be pleased to hear you are doing well and that you are sticking to it."

McKenna left with a lighter heart than he had had for years, feeling he had done his duty in making this confession of past wrong, and had cleared the way for future usefulness and influence. He also wrote to the corporal, now a sergeant.

When last we saw him, McKenna was fighting bravely as an Officer in The Army, and striving might and main to make up for the years he had lost when he not only cared nothing for other people's souls, but was utterly neglectful of his own Salvation.

THE THIRD GENERATION

(Continued from Page 9)

him, subsequently kneeling down and offering prayer on his behalf. She insisted, too, upon his praying for himself. Then, assuring him that, if he set himself to lead a new life, he would find his friend, she showed him out of the front door.

"Not only do we congratulate Ensign Mary Booth upon her courage and tact, but we also suggest that her method of dealing with the unwelcome intruder, is, after all, the best and most promising method for the reformation of criminals in general. It is The Army's way also, namely, to teach them about God, and at the same time not to overlook their temporal needs. Therefore pass on this incident as another object lesson in the great work of reclamation."



THE YOUNG RECRUIT UNDER FIRE

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him"